

THE STANDARD.

THE TALE OF THE COMET.

From a Letter to a Gentleman North, from a Lady in Virginia.

This evening, and deep in the gloomy West
The sun sinks down to his golden rest,
And the cloudless vault of celestial blue
Looks the same with us as it does with you.
For stars in the evening are wont to appear
In the North, "I reckon," as well as here;
That is, the sky is clear.

Be that as it may,

I have nothing to say,

But proceed with my tale in a straight forward
way,

Well then, as I told you above, the sun
Was taking a snooze when his work was done,
And the planets all, as in duty bound,

Were rolling round,

With a pleasant sound,
To make the great potencies nap more
sound.

Whether their music was mercy or sad,
Or "exquisitely good," or "decidedly bad,"

Or made up of contralto, or tenor, or bass,
Can only be known in the depths of space.

Suffice it to say,

That's the way of their way;

'Tis nine of the clock, and a shooting star,
Gives note to the hour to the world afar;

'Tis nine o' the clock, and a steady snore,

Lies' waves on the shore,

Proceeds from the heart of the royal sleeper.

When knock! from without

Came a distant shout,

And a mighty sound, through the blue profound,

A rushing and crashing,

And a smashing and pushing,

As if all the planets had got by the ear,

And were pushing each other clean out of their
spheres.

And Mercury hastens, with fear on his brow,
To announce to the monarch the cause of the
row.

"Most potent and luminous!—haste, arise,

A stranger comet of foxy size,

Is making tracks through our western skies!

And if we don't stop him, by this and by that,

And by every power we can call to aid,

And the rest of the sisters are quaking with fear;

And had not Orion design'd and mis-t' him,

He, too, had been lost to the solar system."

The sun up with a mighty frown,

And put on his fire-redness dressing gown;

His seat he took,

And hung his mighty eye upon a hawk;

"By Jupiter, Venus, and all the crew!"

The present comets shot down like me,

With his own frown.

Friend Mercury! roll, like a veteran stager,
And bring to our presence our Sun Major.

And summon our comètes every one;

There must something be done;

Or there's nothing to do but knock out the sun.

While thus, overhead, all is fur and dismay,

On our own mighty planet the due is to pay;

For the tail of the comet, its tail by some,

Is a great comet; but, in case of emergency,

And certain others are nigh to spy;

Their sister sparkles that dash the sky.

And now, Helen, and Helen and hawk.

And more that croak.

Hasten up, look,

And pug are deadly-on the raise.

Swift, and more swift, each comes' flight,

And his fiery tail, each comes' eddying night;

Adds more to the wild affright;

For dark and dread,

The rumor has spread,

That the end of his Government, by means pro-

foundly, by them is to be unrooted,

The great "Scourer" has certainly found;

And who, and where?

The Jeffs' method, and will undoubtedly

come to pass.

In the year Eighteen-Hundred and Sixty One,

I grieve to say that his opposition,

To the plans of Davis, and his commission;

Obstinate people who will not see;

That the thing is as plain as the Rule of Three;

But, prove it, to the point,

And utterly scound,

Both Davis, his plan and apathy.

The court of the sun sit in solemn state,

And the planets assemble, little and great,

While high in the mists, with a sultry glare,

The moon, in her chair, from his easy-chair,

"Thy plain is as clear,

That a regular space,

Awaits the coming of the day;

For nothing in Heaven, the earth, or the deep,

Makes a body so mad as the loss of sleep,

And when the sun, the robes, the robes appear,

That is to day, His home is there;

But his end is the Lord knows where.

"Comet, erratic, rebellious, and rash,

For your pestilent treason

Shows any reason;

Why we should not immediately settle your hash?

Forgetting the rules of polite decorum,

Involving our sacred scruples,

And poking our heavenly bodies about,—

Speak—Does your mother know you're out?

Now every kind, but especial bodies,

That comes are hasty and hot-headed bodies,

And our comit, in this;

Was by no means amiss;

But then he had travelled the system through,

And learned in his travels a thing or two;

So he had travelled, but his system tall

Was had thrashed about like a giant-fail,

At length he said,

With a toss of the head:

"Your majestic spoke without rhyme or reason,

I seen the thought of committing treason;

And my mother, I have no doubt,

She fully came to assist my bold friend,

Taking off his coat, and lay it on his shoulder;

And with other combative staves avar,

To make a grand fix on the final day!

And now, having nearly completed the batch,

He wants my tail for a perfect match."

"Yes?" said the sun, in a voice of thunder,

"The very gun he has dared to plunder;

We'll hear no more;

On the villain's score;

And, Merely, show that even the loosest;

We have him on our right, and left;

To the gloom of his right, and left;

Should he again in his duty fail,

He'll be a poor devil;

However, disturb us shall his head;

Let us call all the clouds from the face of the heaven;

And assweep all the clouds from the face of the heaven;

Heaven, to the last, is in our hands;

And the planets all, are in our hands;

And the sun, to the last, is in our hands;

And the moon, to the last, is in our hands;

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